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Norwich, Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1909.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,000 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses. In Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and thirty-five railroad lines. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
1906, average	6,559
1907, average	7,179
1908, average	7,543
September 18, 1909	7,708

THE JUBILEE BOOK.

The Jubilee Book, containing a complete record of the celebration of the 120th anniversary of the founding of the town of Norwich, with complete illustrations, containing at least 100,000 words and 50 pages of portraits and scenes of decorated streets and sections of the parade, etc. The Bulletin hopes to have the book ready for delivery early in December. If you have not ordered one, fill out the coupon printed elsewhere and mail to the "Business Manager of The Bulletin, Norwich, Conn."

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POLE.

There is a large doubt in the public mind whether Cook or Peary have either one of them stood exactly in the center of the geographical pole. It is not an easy matter to accurately locate the axial center of the earth amid a wilderness of ice and in the face of immeasurable peril. That both men made the highest north in the Arctic sea, there can be no question and which made the farther journey within the polar circle is a question to be settled by their observations and records; but it is a matter of careful observation to accurately locate the axial center of the earth and the two days Cook was there and the one day of Peary is hardly likely to furnish sufficient data to exactly locate the pole they were looking for. The expert scientists of the geographical societies have a great deal of work before them to determine which of these two explorers came nearest to the center of the earth, or which really stood upon it. It is being pointed out now that in future the makers of globes will include in the known portions of the earth the North pole region, which is a distinctive advance over all former maps of the earth.

TO THE POINT.

There are many people in eastern Connecticut who will be interested in a letter upon the licensing question written to The Courant of Hartford by Birdsey E. Case, a well-known lawyer of the Capital city. "To the Editor of The Courant: A pertinent answer to A's 'Pertinent Inquiry' appearing in today's Courant, may be found in the fact that a license to sell intoxicating liquor is not a contract or even a right of property but merely a permit to do what would otherwise be unlawful and the authority which granted it always retains the power to regulate or revoke it upon a change of policy or legislation, and such regulation or revocation cannot be complained of as a breach of contract. The state is not divesting the licensee of his rights or his property.

"The idea which 'A' seems to entertain as to the sacredness and inviolability of a liquor license has been so thoroughly exploded by countless decisions of our courts, both state and federal, that he need have no fear that the courts will fail to sustain the action of our common council if it decides to close Hartford's wet-goods emporiums at 10 o'clock."

"BIRDSEY E. CASE."

This states the matter in a way which should interest both sides. It is lucid and dispels the mists of doubt.

A PLEA.

We are not surprised to find a contemporary writing upon the theme: "Be Just to the Pastor," for there is no doubt that we err in the mass as much or more than we do as individuals, or that "the Pastor" often has a most enviable place, and not only needs sympathy from the press but defense. This paper says, speaking apparently for local effect, "why should the pastor be made a pack horse? The variety of his duties and he is often made to bear would create a most ridiculous picture were he susceptible of portrayal as he appears to himself. The pastor has primarily the care of souls; he should not have to operate, but to organize, and the machinery of the church. He should not be subjected to the necessity of popularizing the worship by the adoption of doubtful expedients, when if his people did not have a craving for more novelty they would not have numbers allied with the real elements of success, following the preaching of an inspiring Gospel to a congregation tuned to the message. Consideration for the pastor and mutual forbearance is all the tenet that most churches need. The ever-living church poses, the affection of superior, if not superlative, goodness,

the withdrawal of the real man from the eyes of the pastor are features of the church situation that add to the difficulties in the way of hearty and earnest co-operation.

"The faults of the congregation are for the most part of this general nature, faults that might very well be remedied and thereby the prosperity and success of the churches be promoted. Anything that lessens the co-operation of the pulpit and pew diminishes the power of the churches, thwarts them in their enterprise, makes them ineffective agents for the reclamation of the world and plays havoc with holiness. The minister has his responsibilities, but as related to a particular congregation these are temporary. The congregation gains a character that lasts. The live church with the live pastor is a lived church, a church that never had, or long since threw aside its pulpit shackles."

Perhaps a few ministers enjoy such editorial sermons once in a while for their eye-opening and electrifying effects.

INCREASED INTEREST IN FORESTRY.

"More thorough knowledge of actual forest conditions has brought a wide realization of the importance of the forest in the life of the nation," says Frederick Cleveland, Jr., in speaking of the progress of forestry for the last year in the Year Book of the department of agriculture.

"Enough is now known to make imperative a complete change in the methods of forest use, and the ways in which this change may be brought about are discussed with equal interest by the specialist and the man in the street.

"National welfare, as well as individual comfort, is seen to be dependent upon forest conservation. To better knowledge and surer insight is mainly due the progress which forestry has made in the past year.

"Unprecedented forest fires served a similar purpose, so that the lesson of the good of forests is being taught in a more forcible way, and will probably pay for itself. With a unanimity never before paralleled the people of the country are demanding that a step be put to forest waste and destruction."

GOOD ROADS.

The hummocks or cushioned ledges and boulders in the roads of Connecticut, where they have been a hindrance to travel more than one century, demonstrate how little the settlers understood about the advantages of good roads. A hump that could have been leveled down in a way for a century at ten times, if not a hundred, of the cost of removal.

Government statistics show that the average cost in this country of hauling a ton of produce is 25 cents a mile. In Europe the same service costs eight cents. European farmers have no better horses or wagons, but they have better roads. If America had as good roads as Europe, the annual saving in the cost of transportation would be \$250,000,000. This would be a very handsome addition to the farmers' bank account.

There is sound business in good roads from any point of view, for they not only reduce the cost of hauling produce, but increase the facilities and pleasure of travel and add value to the land. The road is a source of attraction to country life.

THE FUTURE OF THE AEROPLANE.

The world has begun to think that the aeroplane in the future may contribute to the terror of man as much as to his pleasure. The nations with guilty consciences, like Russia, are beginning to see things.

"Heavens," said a Russian statesman, "what if the revolutionists should get hold of one of these machines? They could sail over the palace of Peterhof and blow the whole government into chaos, and no one could stop them."

Russian imagination was fired by the question. Timorous officials thought they could already see strange shapes floating over St. Petersburg. Grand dukes fled to the cellar.

Under present circumstances the channel seems too narrow to England, and other countries are awakening to the value of the flying machine. The flying policeman may be put to rest among the municipal necessities.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The pennants of next year are now interesting the ball lines more than the pennants of this.

It is suggested that the North pole should be presented to Uncle Sam for a skating rink for his children.

President Taft is receiving a good many knocks in the west, but the factious cannot knock out his smile.

The man with a critical mind often lacks generosity, and that is why he does not make a deeper impression.

It is not so bad to be regarded as a tack number, for there are times when the tack number is the thing of great price.

Now that the market is full of luscious looking grapes there is really no reason why any one should be showing up sour grapes.

Happy thought for today: There is no use of making faces at the rich, for we should be no happier if all hands were paupers.

Taft regards the man who does not recognize that labor is worthy of recognition and consideration as being away behind the times.

What looks worse than some one sitting in an automobile tooting a horn to a venerable and beloved citizen to run to save his life?

It has not been stated yet whether Peary's cook helped him nail the stars and stripes to the North pole. It is probable he carried the nails.

A school district in California has closed its schools that the children may assist in gathering the walnut crop. The children do not object.

The inspection of ships in the navy has been prohibited for Sunday, and that gives the jacks an easy Sunday. This might have been done before.

When the finest hostility in New Haven is known as The Taft, a real sign of advancement and prosperity will have been made permanent in this state.

There is too much defiance of the rules of the road by automobilists in

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY FROM LUCIE'S DIARY

Last week I went to Wisconsin to stay a few days with Ruth Ritchie at the Crossroads inn, where she and her mother have been passing the summer. I thought I should enjoy a quiet week there at the end of the season, but I found it extremely dull, as the very few guests who were there did not seem in the least interested in me. I thought I would telephone over the long-distance line to Arthur Knight to come out in his car.

I did not tell Ruth, for I thought it would be fun to surprise her. I know you are interested in Indian archaeology and I have discovered some Indian mounds here that you will enjoy studying. I told him as a special inducement.

"Are they Indian or prehistoric?" asked Arthur, growing keen at once.

"Why, I don't know," I answered. "I can't tell and I have no idea of anything about mounds. I'm getting awfully interested in them."

The next day Ruth suggested that we go in the lake and wash out our hair.

"Oh, the water is too cold," I objected. "No Arctic baths for me."

"Well, if you won't risk it yourself, you can at least watch my intrepid digger. I'll be right back with you."

But when the time came in the afternoon for her bath I was putting on my most fetching outdoor costume so that Arthur should arrive early.

She was just coming up from the bath with her hair hanging in the most unbecoming straight wet locks around her face when Arthur came up.

"Why, Ruth," he exclaimed. "I had no idea you were coming. I had no idea you were coming."

"She started an offended look at me as I came down the walk to meet Arthur. Then she ran into the house as fast as she could, her mother following.

On her return she brought from her bearing that it was my fault. Ruth happened to come out of the water at the moment she did.

"Your mother said," asked Arthur, after he had greeted me.

"They're in the pasture belonging to the neighboring farm," I answered. "I made arrangements to dig into them, so if you like we can go over."

"Ruth is dying her hair and dressing."

"We might at least make a start this afternoon," agreed Arthur.

I told the chauffeur where to find the pick and shovel and in a few minutes our little exploring party started off.

"These are effigies," said Arthur as he walked admiringly around a couple of wolf-shaped mounds. "I doubt very much if they are anything more."

"But don't you think it would be fun to dig down a few feet and make sure?" I suggested. "We might find something wonderful that would make

us famous and be of great value to the scientific world."

"I had no idea," said Arthur, laughing. "You had the cause of science so much at heart. Well, Burroughs," he told his chauffeur, "let's open the old wolf's head and see what's inside."

I was quite excited to see the two men digging deeper and deeper. I did not like to encourage them, for I thought I would be disappointed if I found some ancient battle axes, arrowheads, or even Indian moccasins. Suddenly I heard some one hallooing.

"Look up, we saw a stable boy at the inn coming on a bicycle at full speed."

"Say," he began, breathlessly, when he had jumped off his wheel, "you folks must stop digging, quick. The woman who owns this farm telephoned the hotel about you. She is pretty mad and they sent me down here to tell you to stop."

Arthur looked at me inquiringly. "I thought you had arranged for us to open these mounds, Lucie," he said. "There must be some misunderstanding."

I meant that I had borrowed the tools from the inn gardener. I explained, but never supposed any one would mind digging a hole in a big pasture like this.

I spoke laughingly, for I thought it best to make a joke of the matter. But Arthur did not appear to think it funny, and almost gloomily began replacing the earth in the hole. I walked back to the house as I was strangely alone.

Ruth was waiting for us on the porch. "You have no idea what a funny diggering has made," she said. "If you had only asked me I could have told you that the mounds on the farm never permit any trespassing. I'm afraid your scientific researches have started a feud between the inn and the farm."

Though Ruth spoke half humorously, I saw she was annoyed, and I could not keep back the tears.

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former residents of the town, to historical societies and libraries, and within its covers are to be found facts obtainable in no other volume.

It is beautifully bound in dark red cloth, is gilt-edged as its contents merit, and contains over one hundred artistic and historically valuable illustrations. The price is \$2.50.

Number Primer. By M. A. Bailey, A. M., Head of Department of Mathematics, New York Training School for Teachers. 128 pages. American Book Co., New York. Price 30 cents.

This book for the first year and a half of school is to be placed in the pupils' hands beginning with the first day. It is a teacher's book, but teaches directly to the pupil the forty-five addition combinations, and their related subtraction combinations. It does this intensively, foregoing multiplication and division by means of counting exercises. The book supplies the material for the first year of the subject, and the material hitherto furnished only by the teacher. It teaches through visualization, without the use of tedious number charts and time-consuming blackboard work.

Human Body and Health—Intermediate. By Alvin Davidson, M.S., A. M., Ph.D., Professor of Biology in Lafayette College. Cloth, 12mo., 222 pages. Illustrated. American Book Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.

The advanced book in this series, already issued, has received the warmest endorsement for the practical manner in which it teaches the lessons of healthful, sanitary living and the prevention of disease. The present volume, though more elementary in its treatment, follows the same plan, and while including a sufficient amount of technical anatomy and physiology, devotes special attention to the subject of personal and public health. It does this in such a way as to appeal to the interest of boys and girls, and fix in their minds the essentials of right living.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

The Census Supervisor.

The appointment of census supervisor for this state is announced elsewhere in this paper and is likely to prove a surprise all around. A strongly endorsed petition for the selection of J. Olin Howe of Waterbury was forwarded to Washington, but this was understood to be strenuously opposed by the two senators who recommended E. S. Young of this city. To an outsider it might well look as if politics were forcing its way into the selection, and so the president has apparently dropped both suggestions and made one of his own, naming an expert in statistics, Professor V. B. Bailey of Yale university, and to all appearance a man singularly fitted for the job. The president announced some time ago that, if he could find no one to make his announcement, Mr. Howe's endorsement included every state official in Connecticut, and republican leaders in the selection of his senatorial predecessors, and was a paper a young man might take a reasonable pride in, but it was signed by politics and was not signed by the members of the delegation. Their opposition seems to have killed off Mr. Howe and the Howe petition to have been a failure. Meanwhile the state gets an expert and politics seems to be out of it.—Hartford Courant.

One of the Roosevelt policies which Taft is carefully following is this: When in doubt, appoint a Yale man. This is according to the respected nomination of Professor William B. Bailey of Yale as census supervisor for Connecticut. There is a supplementary theory also, to help account for it. J. Olin Howe of Waterbury, the well known newspaper correspondent, is a Yale man, and of all the officials of the state and of many others, but he lacked those of Senator Brandegee and Senator Bailey.

The first congressional candidate, Edward S. Young of Hartford, had the support of the Connecticut senators. Between these two the president was in doubt, so he appointed Prof. Bailey.

a good, energetic, experienced man, who will justify the appointment.—Waterbury American.

Postal Banks and a Story.

There was some fervid oratory at the convention of state bank supervisors at Waterbury, Tuesday, September 20, when the plan of state guaranty of bank solvency. There was some equally fervid oratory against postal savings banks.

All of which recalls a story they still told at Milwaukee of the days when old John Plankinton was a great figure in the packing trade and the Cudahy brothers were raising young men in his employ. One of them in fact had risen to be superintendent of the plant.

There had been trouble about the men smoking in the packing-house, and a rule had been posted that the next man caught smoking would be dismissed instantly. One day at the noon hour Cudahy was passing through one of the warehouse and found an old Irishman sitting on a lard barrel puffing his pipe.

Cudahy stopped and glared at the old Irishman. The latter looked at Cudahy and calmly puffed his pipe. Said Cudahy: "Do you know who I am?" "Patience, I do not know," answered the old Irishman. "My name is Cudahy, and I'm superintendent of this plant."

The old man gave a final puff, then knocked out the ash in his palm, showing that the tobacco had burned away. He then picked up the handle of the truck he had been using, with the remark: "You have a good job, Mr. Cudahy, and I'd advise you to keep it."

The oratorical state bank examiners might have a higher motive than to destroy the postal savings banks and keep their jobs for their advocacy of one banking panacea and their opposition to another. However, their opposition to postal savings banks, which will all join who consider the cost of government and how it increases.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Pleaded Worcester.

President Taft made an impression on the Worcester people yesterday when he saw him at the station. Their first impression was that he came in a car to the platform to speak to them, was that of a robust and kindly man, who entered into the conversation of anybody or anything. To him, all men are not evil. It was a change from the first effects that have been created at the same station by the retired president. Mr. Taft's face appears to better advantage to the human eye direct than it does through the medium of the camera. Yesterday the tint of vigorous health was toned by a distinct coating of tan that can be seen in the best advantage in the atmosphere of New England in the summer. The face was full and broad, but with less of the appearance of flesh than on previous occasions noted in Worcester. There is no doubt the president appeared at his best. He seemed to feel that Worcester deserved the best. His manner of speech was jovial, without in the least suggesting any attempt to make light of the occasion. His remarks were so much to Worcester folks and their neighbors in Millbury. He spoke as a man who knew this section and had special regard for its business and of early associations. He did not stoop to compliments to catch the crowd, but conveyed the impression that all was going as well as could be expected. There was no occasion to mention anything in particular. The cheers that were called out for Bill Taft by a man in working clothes of his business were spontaneous, and undoubtedly impressed the president, as he turned back from entering the car and again smiled on the people in that satisfactory way. There was nothing dramatic about it, but just plain satisfaction. Clearly the present is a time of desire to be ringmaster of a circus.—Worcester Telegram.

These "Slow" Foreign Newspapers.

British newspapers have in times past been the butt of ridicule for their United States editors. It is noted, however, that when a big piece of news breaks out in these times it is often times the London Times, now run by an Englishman who has American ideas largely that get the story first and compels American newspapers to buy the right to use it. Attention is also called to the recent feat of quick and expensive work by a London newspaper. It decided that Lord Rosebery's speech in Glasgow would at this time be important and worthy news. So it men handling the speech in Glasgow as it was delivered, in relays sent it by telephone to London, and there it was set up in type inch by inch as the copy came in, and when the speech was ended, or a short time later, the last of it was in type and the newspaper was quickly in the street. The speech took eight columns. Mightily few speeches delivered in this country are ever regarded by American news editors as news worth printing, but that doesn't dim the performance of the London newspaper for speed, for painstaking, and for willingness to pay

a very considerable telephone bill. And then, quite likely, some of the readers looked over the speech, over the telegrams from all over the world costing a pretty penny, over the local and general news and writing, and dropped the sheet with a yawn and said, "Oh, there's nothing in the paper today!"—Breckton Enterprise.

Read All of Your Paper.

A commercial woman who was visiting in Baltimore reported to the police that she had lost a jewel casket containing jewelry valued at over \$1,500 and she, with the officers, visited every pawn shop in the city in an effort to find them. Meanwhile an honest carpenter returning from work found the package and advertised it in the daily papers. The woman did not read the papers, and evidently the police were little better equipped mentally than she, for she returned home without her jewels. Later she was notified by telegram that the jewels had been found through the medium of the lost and found column.

There is a lesson in the incident, and everyone should learn it. Read the daily papers. Read the news, the advertising, and the lost and found column. There is surely something which you have to sell, through your ignorance or apathy. The daily papers contain much that is not found in the news columns.—Kennebec Journal.

The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of I. and D. Bocas wells in Mexico. About 50,000 barrels of oil were burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

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